ANGELS DON'T HAVE FACEBOOK ACCOUNTS

by J.H.L. & so'r

I notice within me, and so the minds of all in ‘my’ culture, an unchallenged reluctance to speak of Spiritual things.

The Minds of
Men and Women
have grouped into a crushing

necessity.

Where before one
could reach in for
Soul
or Vision,
now
Mood
or Synchronicity
will suffice.

Spiritual realms are rendered, re-rendered, reread, re-re-rendered, as SUPERFLUOUS. Colourful, superfluous metaphors, inefficient, unreliable, hard to grasp.

They lurk outside

Modern Progress & Postmodern Progress.

For the postmodern, archaic symbology is obscure.

Let us suppose some
Systems of Ideas.

This is
Philosophy.

Let us suppose the
Ideas of Systems
— this is
Control.

Let us suppose
the combination of
both
to be
a Current Method.

We have
a constant
evolving Method,
each of us,
Man and Woman,
and maybe the Child who has been
Educated* enough of an amount.

Then,
let us suppose
that in Postmodern Society,
each of our methods
orbits a
central Method, &
that it converges to
this Method
as
the Current Default Method.

What is this Method,

and what
does it obey?

What does Postmodern English do?

It can write

‘angels’,

but can it write
‘ANGELS!’?

Manifestation
is coded for the
Postmodern's
fingernails,

probable in
effectiveness
(in the warehouse).

Manifestation may flourish in the same kind, only to an end of another side of the same Postmodern Polygon

if it was created on the initial side of the Postmodern Polygon.

The angels and the devils have surely been evacuated!

They whisper, either with sorrow or amusement for the current ‘side-quest’ of Modern Man.

Of course
I am supposing a True Spiritual Centre of which this Postmodern Centre is not a Centre at all, but a weird satellite which says

‘I am all there is!’

We would never face North,
only Northwest.
We could never predict 15,
we could only predict 19.

Postmodern Man
is in too much of a hurry
to set his own
conceptual empire.

He is locked out,
he just will not turn back, within his own memory,

to the keys of the
Archaic,
any kind of typology of
True Spirits,
one that would actually usher them.

Postmodern Men, like me,
have found a reasonable occupation, to play Law of Attraction in Moderation,
but like Tetris or Tron.

What great results besides mainly
virtual ones
will come out of it
if men remain reluctant?

So when
will it start for a
venture back
Outto
to be
permitted to
him?

The world of
Spirit
must surely have more
flavour to it than
this
Zero-Sum Game.

The bishop
takes the queen.

The hierophant

teaches another way of doing;
he has rewritten the module to his own convenience,
failing to include the vital source of real generation.

He has taken our existence for existence, and so we follow such mishaps along those lines.

Even the most keen players of Manifestation try to
avoid,
even regret
scoffing
but scoff nonetheless,
at some of the most obtuse and
blatantly theological accounts of
the higher planes.

We stare at Non-Acoustic Light.

We are saturated
in mind,
it, cannot register
natural colour fully,
and so
beyond neither.
Our lights cut the
mist of possibility,
no corner is left dark, so
no shadow can create a
portal.

The Internal world is now Communised — Yuck.

Symbols are repurposed, are useful, but have lost their meaning.

Soul?

God?

Gnosis?

Magick?

Divination?

What are these terms,
if we consider their
original and their
intended essences?

I'm not saying anything.
What chessboard is ours,
a mosaic of desirable outcomes
but
only within the confines of
this
Postmodernity?

The better
Sacred names
from a more acoustic
and embodied reality,

those names, those
Holy Archaic names –
are they not
also manipulated and
used, labelled
crudely on these
chess pieces?

Such comments appear to be mere flights of the imagination.
We are still catching up on our own dreams and nightmares in either case.
I may find that the more I revisit
that which I neglect, the more insidious and imprisoning I see the Matrix to be on my return.
Dreamcatchers need to be re-understood.

We are doing better than we were. Alas — something is amiss.
Yet, everyone can remember that even further still, if their will was **focused enough** in the Innermost.

A modern success

but a — roof
of slight depression
— glimmers
in the soul
of everyone.
Reality
still cannot fully be enough, we notice or notice not,
but in our dreams
notice
completely.

How slight

is that which has become invisible when seen fully?

How ugly does the ugliest man see himself?

There are too many strange things and strange events most or all of us have forgotten, that all of us can't forget.

I sincerely believe supernatural things go on in the fabrics that aren't pointed out to us.

The textural facticity of natural substance is an indication to some general trait you could call The Organic.

Reviving our organic functions, letting that plane of the nervous system open up — that, my cousins, is revelation enough to me,
revelation enough to assume there is
far more to it
than the
conventional
assumption.

And then it seems to me that it goes onto the vital,

then to the fully vital,
as I would say in imagining a diagram of levels -

HA

LT!

Postponed again, in practice.

Check something else.

Damn! Postponed again!

Just a little longer, a little bit more, says We and They, somehow opposing each other in the same way — maybe next week?

Across this glossy rim
of bureaucracy
and digital media,
Spirit
is too subtle to make heads
or tails off —

in this
Perplex,
that is.

But,

if you would dare
understand —
this Perplex is simply
making 333 only
appear to be 3.
There is still 333. The
air is still thin, merely
refracted for our
current Moon-Mind so
it looks like six cubes,

but the air is still thin — and open.

What of a new kind of re-orchestration?

Re-orchestration

takes up enough time for

the Time-Being,

our time being that of re-shuffling, re-arranging virtual equations that have consequences so that they may have favourable consequences to us.

Is that good enough for that?

We do it for the suiting of desires as recommended to us.
Man is Ever A Line.

So many have said that this re-shuffling of constructs I have definitely just mentioned is already enough of an occupation for

the rest of Eternity —
what little they know of Eternity.

The Video Games or the unused chalices?

Hollow Architecture or Buried Alive in Rich Soil?

Have we settled for a wholly

tasteless substitute

to something else?

Have we even settled at all?

Not so; the higher realms must concur.

Higher, or possibly more In-Between-Like,

to clarify.

Manifestation

in this Postmodern
picture seems to be a
more inconspicuous set
of planning and
management,
to use the system to
benefit from it,
but to also

execute reliable escape routes –

the images of Angels have
been noted stylistically.

But continue to forge these escape routes, my cousins!

It is unnoticeable work
to the Polygon,
it only notices what
serves as
algorithmically
beneficial —

but no, these works of

escaping

from the very Polygon we are working to enhance

is of the most important work!

Do both if you must, and must we do, or so it seems, but do not, and I say again,

do not forget the routes of departure!

Do not forget!

The Angels are beckoning,
their
Natural
Intelligence
going on and on,

so much further
than our
Artificial Intelligence.

And they may know after all how we've summed things up in the Twentyfirst Century.

Angels don't have Facebook accounts.

Neither could they.

Their plans for the cascade back into Soulful Belongings might have been unfolding since the First Day.